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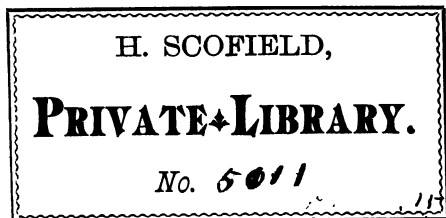
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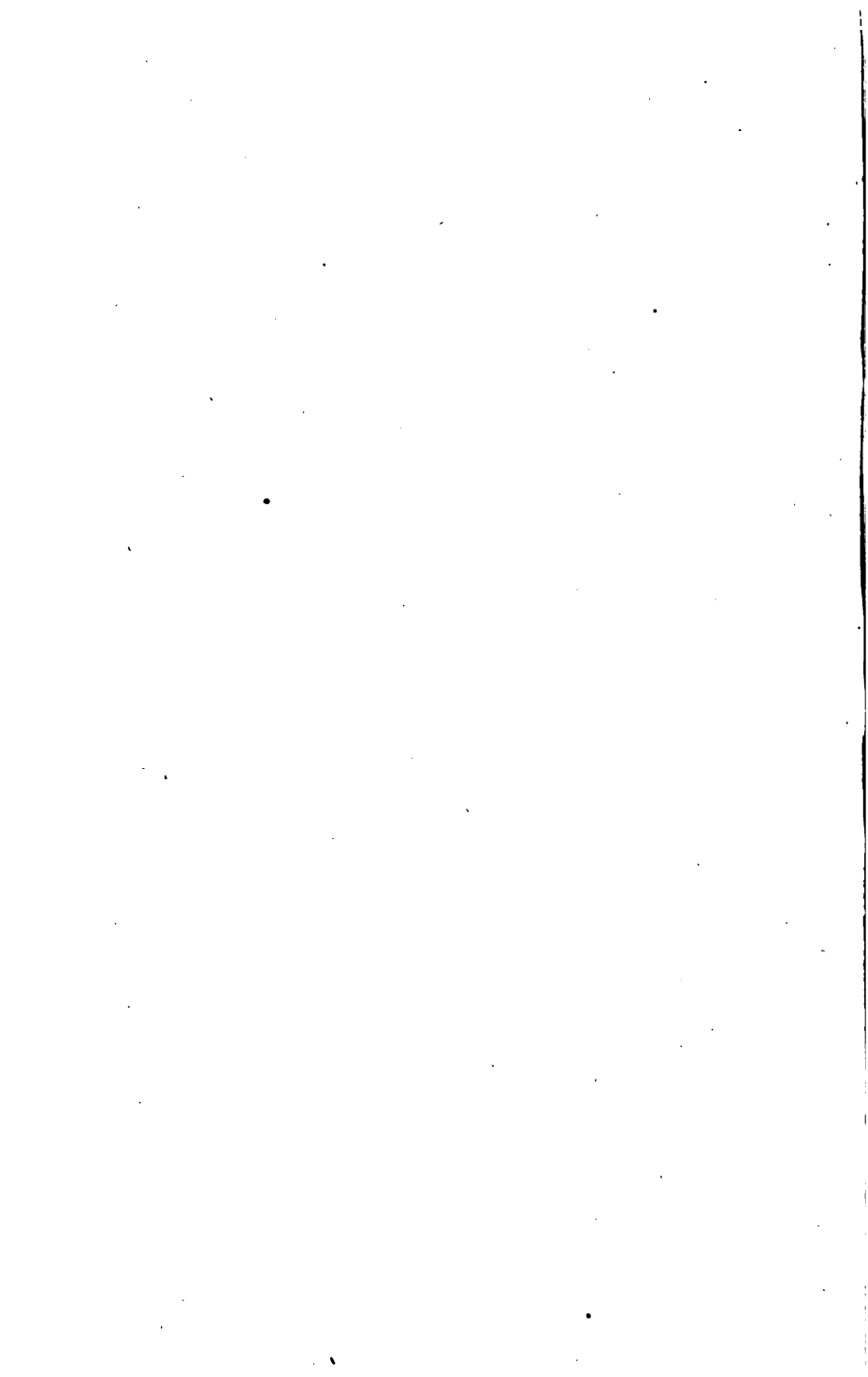
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NEW TALE  
OF A  
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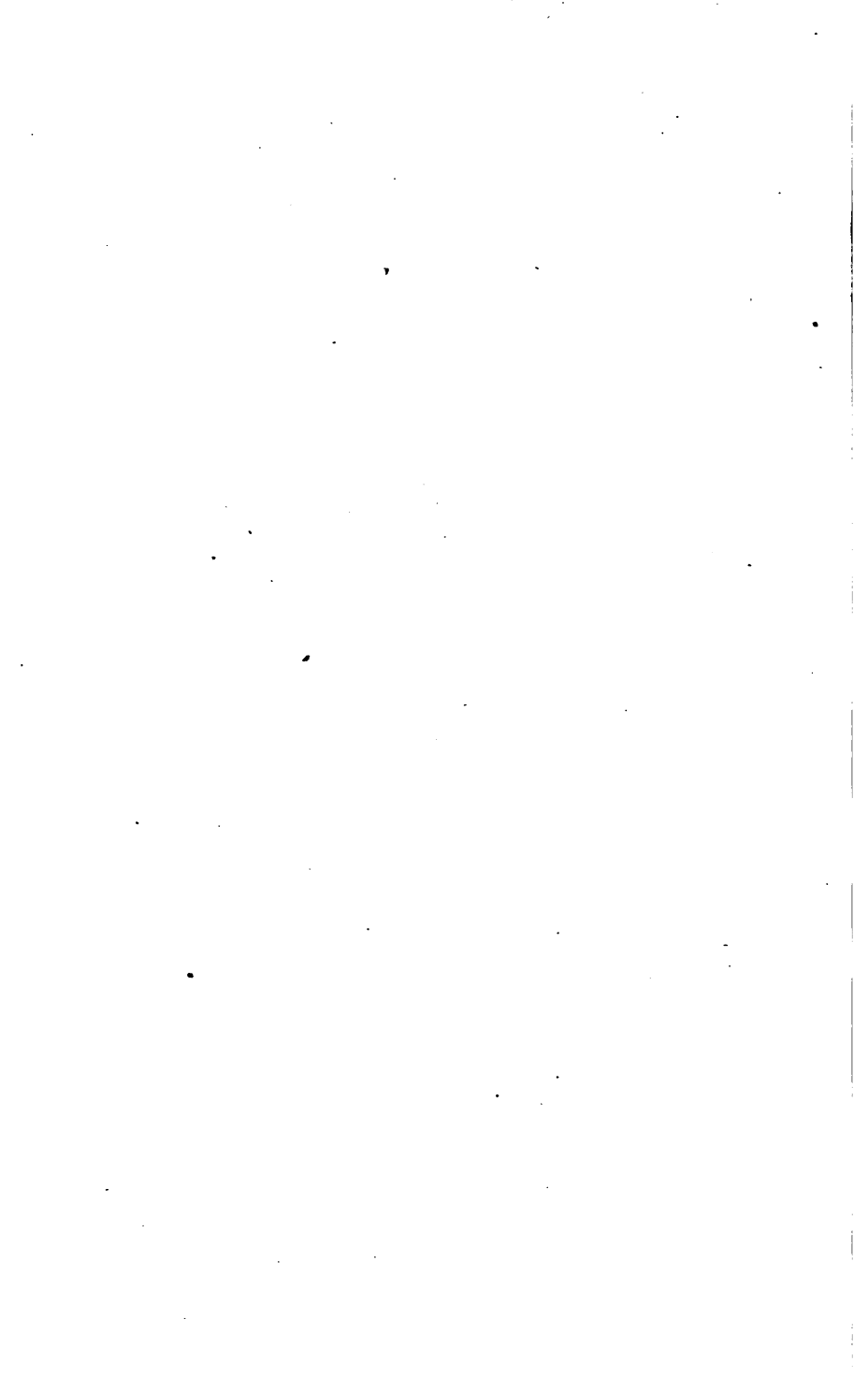
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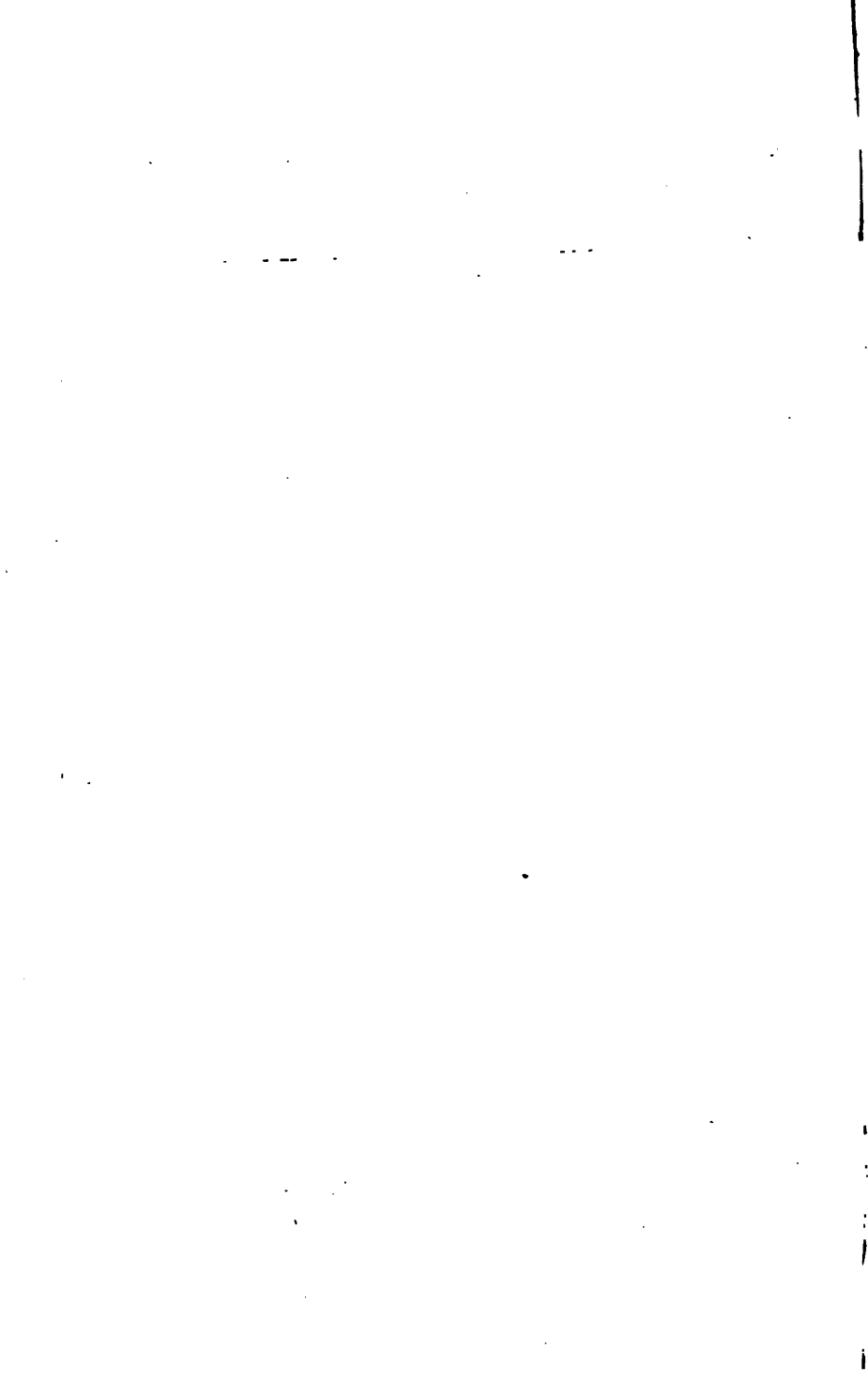






THE  
NEW TALE OF A TUB;  
AN ADVENTURE IN VERSE.





THE  
NEW TALE OF A TUB;

AN ADVENTURE IN VERSE.

BY

F. W. N. BAYLEY, ESQ.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS,



AFTER DESIGNS

BY LIEUTENANT J. S. COTTON.

NEW YORK :  
JOHN WILEY, 167 BROADWAY.

1854.

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## OPENING THE QUESTION.

---

THE Orient day was fresh and fair,  
A breeze sang soft in the ambient air,  
Men almost wondered to find it there,  
    Blowing so near Bengal;  
Where waters bubble as boiled in a pot,  
And the gold of the sun spreads melting hot,  
And there's hardly a breath of wind to be got  
    At any price at all!  
Unless, indeed, when the great Simoom  
Gets up from its bed with the voice of doom;  
    And deserts no rains e'er drench,  
Rise up and roar with a dreadful gust,  
Pillars of sand and clouds of dust  
Rushing unsifted, and rapid to burst,  
And filling all India's throat with a thirst  
    That its Ganges couldn't quench!

No great Simoom rose up to-day,  
    But only a gentle breeze,  
And that of such silent and voiceless play,  
    That a Lady's bustle  
    Had made more rustle,  
Than it did among the trees!

'T was not like the breath of a British vale,  
Where each green acre is blest with a gale  
Whenever the natives please;  
But it was of that soft, inviting sort,  
That it tempted to revel in pic-nic sport  
A couple of Bengalese !

Two Bengalese  
Resolved to seize  
The balmy chance of that cool-wing'd weather,  
To revel in Bengal Ease together.

One was tall, the other was stout,  
They were natives both of the glorious East,  
And both so fond of a rural feast,

That off they roamed to a country plain  
Where the breeze roved free about,  
That during its visit brief, at least  
If it never were able to blow again,  
It might blow upon their blow-out !

The country plain gave a view as small

As ever man clapped his eyes on,  
Where the sense of sight did easily pall,  
For it kept on seeing nothing at all,

As far as the far horizon !  
Nothing at all ! Oh ! what do I say,  
*Something* certainly stood in the way,  
Offending the eye, as Jack Sheppard the gay,  
Once offended the eye of Thames Darrell ;  
It was a sort of hermaphrodite thing,  
It might have been filled with sugar or ling,  
But 't is very unfit for a Muse to sing,  
Betwixt a Tub and a Barrel !

It stood in the midst of that Indian plain,  
Burning with sunshine and waiting for rain,  
—A parenthesis balanced 'twixt pleasure and pain—

And as stiff as if it were starching;  
When up to it, over the brown and green  
Of that Indian soil, were suddenly seen

Two gentlemen anxiously marching!  
These two gentlemen were, if you please,  
The aforesaid couple of Bengalese!  
And the Tub or Barrel that stood beyond—

For short, we will call it Tub—  
Contained with pride,  
In its jolly inside,  
The prize of which they were doatingly fond,  
The aforesaid gentlemen's grub!

“Leave us alone—come man or come beast,”

Said the eldest, “we'll soon have a shy at the feast.”  
They are gone to their pic-nic with might and with main,  
But what do we see in the front of the plain?  
A jungle, a thicket of bush, weed, and grass,  
And in it reposing—O no! not an ass—

Not an ass, not an ass,  
That could not come to pass—  
No donkey, no donkey, no donkey at all,  
But superb in his slumber, a Royal Bengal!

Tho' Royal, he was n't a King!

No such thing!

He did n't rule lands from the Thames to the Niger,  
But he did hold a reign  
O'er that jùngle and plain,  
And besides, was a very magnificent TIGER,



There he lay,  
In his skin so gay,  
His passions at rest, and his appetites curbed;  
A Minister Prime,  
In his proudest time,  
Asleep, was never less undisturbed,  
For who would come to shake him;  
Nor more certain sure,  
In his dream demure,  
That none would dare to wake him.  
Oh the Royal snore is the only thing  
That 's entitled to rouse up a TIGER-KING!





## BENGAL EASE.

---

THE Bengalese, in cool apparel,  
Meanwhile have reached their pic-nic barrel;  
In other words, they have tossed the grub  
Out of their great provision tub,  
And standing it up for shelter,  
Sit guzzling underneath its shade,  
With a glorious dinner ready made,  
Which they're eating helter-skelter!  
Ham and chicken, and bread and cheese,  
They make a pass  
To spread on the grass.  
They sit at their ease,  
Their plates on their knees,  
And now their hungry jaws they appease,  
And now they turn to the glass;  
For Hodgson's ale  
Is genuine pale,  
And the bright champagne  
Flows not in vain,  
The most convivial souls to please  
Of these very thirsty Bengalese!  
But one of the two has relinquished his fork,  
And wakes up the TIGER by drawing a cork!

Blurting and spirting!

List! O list!

Perhaps the TIGER thinks he is hissed!

Effervescing and whizzed and phizzed!

Perhaps His Majesty thinks he is quizzed,

Or haply deems,

As he's roused from his dreams,

That his visions have come to a thirsty stop,

And resolves to moisten his throat with a drop.

At all events, with body and soul,

He gives in his jungle a stretch and a roll,

Then regally rises to go for a stroll,

With a temperate mind,

For a beast of his kind,

And a tail uncommonly long behind!

He knows of no water,

By field or by flood;

He does not seek slaughter,

He does not scent blood;

No! the utmost scope

Of his limited hope,

Is, that soon as the Bengalese find he arrives,

They'll not rise from their pic-nic and run for their lives,

But simply bow from that beautiful plain,

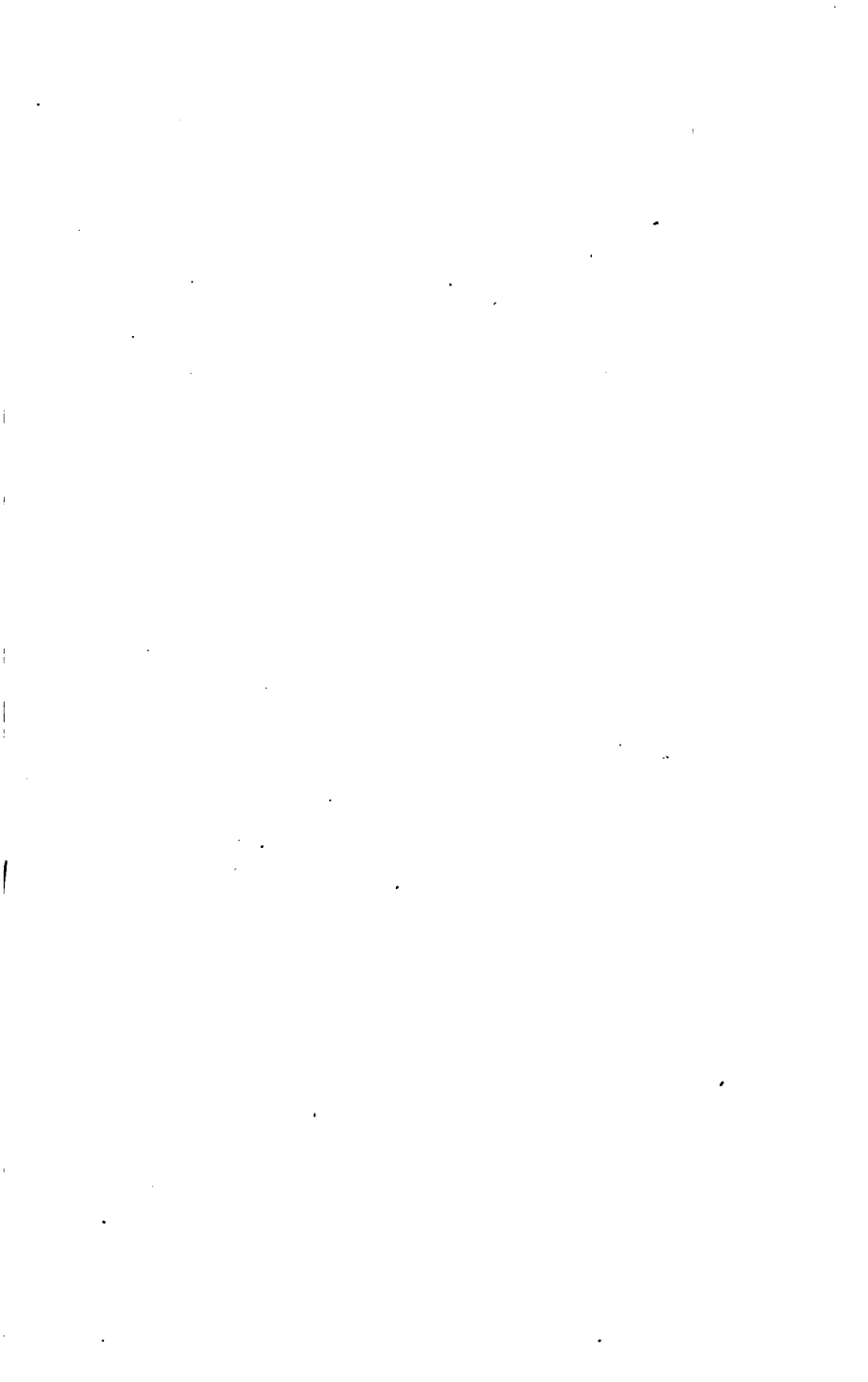
And offer SIR TIGER a glass of champagne!

"From my jungle it true is,

They 'woke me, I think,

So the least they can do is

To give me a drink."





THE ARTFUL DODGE.

## THE ARBIDZ DOOZEE.

As the Tiger crawls along,  
Singing a kind of national song;  
Soft, subdued, and rather low,  
He was warbled by beast of prey;  
Still so serene, but still, dense,  
As it made you think of sound  
As if it were a hum, such  
As the bee would make, never a bee!

Only Tiger starts along,  
As if as much as a hum, such as a hum,  
So suddenly changes his song  
From a tune to a growl?  
Oh, by my soul,  
You can hear but the smell of the air,  
He quickens his pace,  
The Breeze, haste,  
And he's running a race  
With himself, for a taste,  
**And he's taken to roaring, and given up humming,  
Just to let the two Bengalese know he is coming!"**





## THE ARTFUL DODGE.

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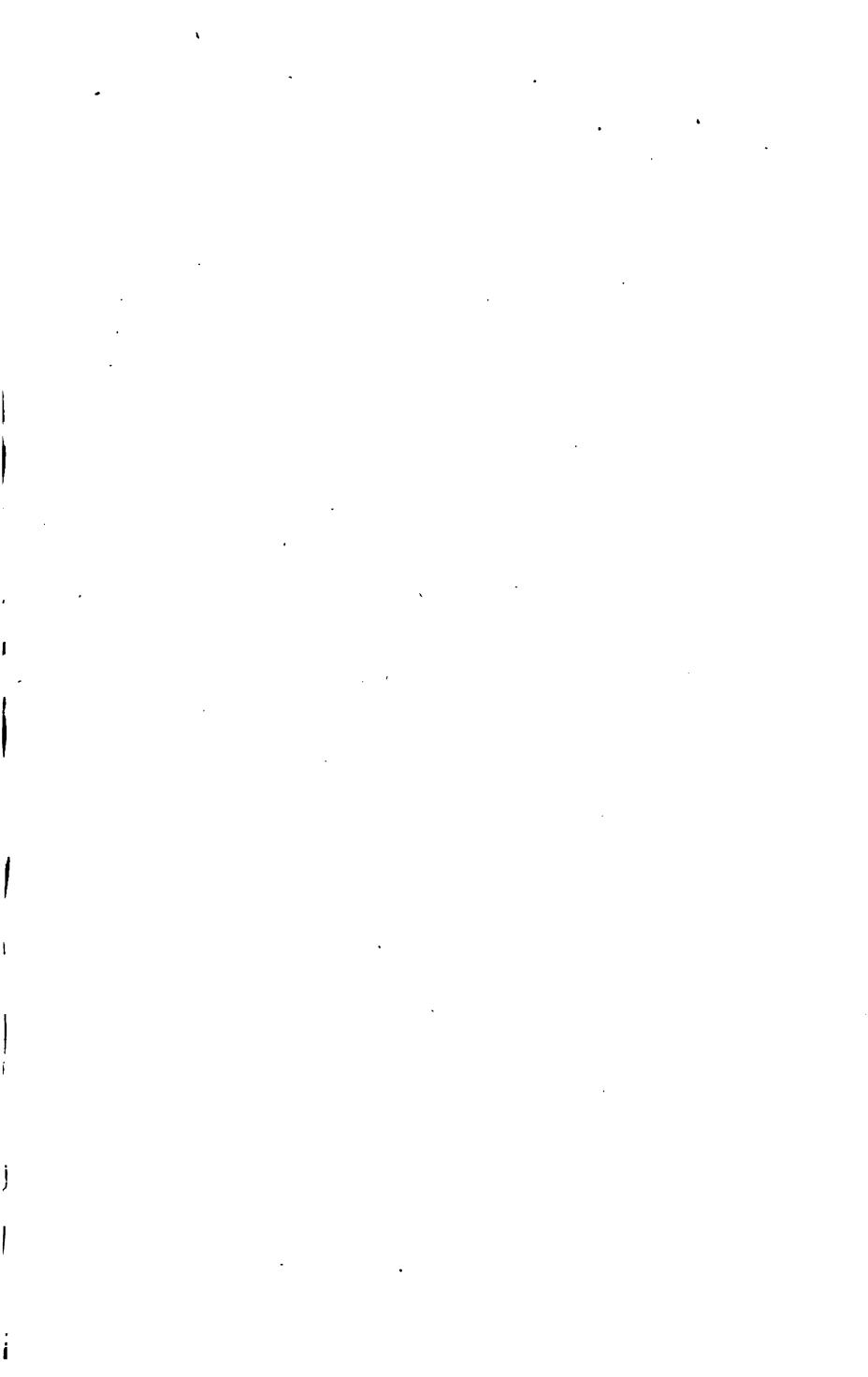
GENTLY the TIGER crouches along,  
Humming a kind of animal song ;  
A sweet, subdued, familiar lay,  
As ever was warbled by beast of prey ;  
And all so softly, tunelessly done,  
That it made no more sound  
Than his tail on the ground,  
And the Bengalese heard it, never a one !

Gently TIGER steals along,  
'Mild as moon-beam,' meek as a lamb ;  
What so suddenly changes his song  
From a tune to a growl ?  
"Och, by my soul,  
Nothing on earth but the smell of the ham !  
He quickens his pace,  
The illigant baste,  
And he's running a race  
With himself, for a taste,  
And he's taken to roaring, and given up humming,  
Just to let the two Bengalese know he is coming !"

What terrors seize  
The Bengalese !  
SHORT-AND-STOUT, with his hair all grey,  
Has a rattling note  
In his jolly old throat :  
If he'd choked his laugh with a truss of hay,  
Or been dunned for a bill which he couldn't pay,  
He couldn't more surely have stifled the gay.  
While TALL-AND-THIN, with *his* hair all carrotty,  
Looks thrice as red—  
With fright—as his head,  
And his face bounds plump,  
At a single jump,  
Into horror, and out of hilarity !  
All they can hear,  
In their terrible fear,  
Behind and before,  
Is the TIGER's roar ;  
Again and again—  
Over the plain—  
Clearer and clearer—  
Nearer and nearer ;  
Into the tub, now, its way it has found,  
Where its echoes keep rolling round and round,  
Till out of the bung-hole they bursting come,  
Like a regiment of thunders escaped from a drum !  
If an earthquake had shattered a thousand kegs,  
The terrified Bengalese couldn't—i' fegs—  
Have leapt more rapidly on to their legs !  
He's at them, he's on them, the jungle guest :  
When a man's life by peril is prest,  
His wits will sometimes be at their best ;

And so the presence of TIGER, I find,  
Inspires our heroes with *presence* of mind !  
There's no time to be lost,  
Down the glasses are tost ;  
The Bengalese have abandoned their grub,  
And they're dodging their gentleman round the Tub !  
Active and earnest they nowhere lodge,  
And he can't get at them because of their dodge ;  
SHORT-AND-STOUT and TALL-AND-THIN,  
Never before such a scrape were in ;  
Nor ever yet used—can you well have a doubt of it ?—  
So uncommonly *artful a dodge* to get out of it !







LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

SAFARI

## LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

TIGER keeps prowling  
Howling and growling :

He tells himself that in a dodge he is clever,  
And that as 'twill surely be endures he never  
But to quick, fresh blood — the Herd and  
Noblest river, he is all on the breast,  
The more they race is when danger is nigh,  
The more he longs to die — that ever he  
His passion compels him to leap and  
His jaws are ready to seize and tear

And equal shall be his to sever !

The fire is flashing from his eyes :  
In his own peculiar manner he cries—

The wolf may shine,

“ If I may dine,  
I had better begin.”

And then a grin,

And a voice the loudest that ever was heard,  
He roared “ Never trust to a TIGER’S word,  
If this dodge shall last for ever ! -

No, no, no, no—

It shall be no go !





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## LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

---

TIGER keeps prowling,  
Howling and growling ;  
He feels himself that their dodge is clever,  
And thinks 'twill surely be ending—never ;  
But the quick, fresh blood of the Bengalese,  
Nicer and nicer, he snuffs on the breeze !  
The more they practise their dodge recitals,  
The more he longs to dine on their vitals !  
His passion is up ! his hunger is keen !  
His jaws are ready ! his teeth are clean !  
And equal their limbs to sever !  
The fire is flashing in light from his eyes !  
In his own peculiar manner he cries—

The while they shine,  
“If I mean to dine,  
I had better begin,”  
And then with a grin,  
And a voice the loudest that ever was heard,  
He roared “Never trust to a TIGER’S word,  
If this dodge shall last for ever ! -

No, no, no, no—  
It shall be no go !

There's a way of disturbing this Tub's repose ;  
So down on your knees,  
You Bengalese,  
And prepare to be eaten up, if you please ;  
Here goes !  
Here goes !

Here goes ! here goes !" and he gave a spring,  
The gentlemen looking for no such thing,  
Might have fallen a prey to the TIGER-KING,  
But a certain interference,  
Which bursts from their most intelligent Tub,  
May enable them yet to return to their grub,  
On this self-same plain a year hence !  
The Tub, though empty of roll and ration,  
Is full of a certain preservation—

Of which—though it does not follow  
In every case of argumentation—

It is full because it is hollow !  
For not having a top, and no inside things,  
It turns top-heavy when TIGER springs !  
And making a kind of balancing pause,  
Keeps holding the animal up by the claws,

In a manner which seems to fret it ;

While SHORT-AND-STOUT,

In a state of doubt,

Keeps on his belly a sharp look-out ;

And TALL-AND-THIN,

With an impudent grin,

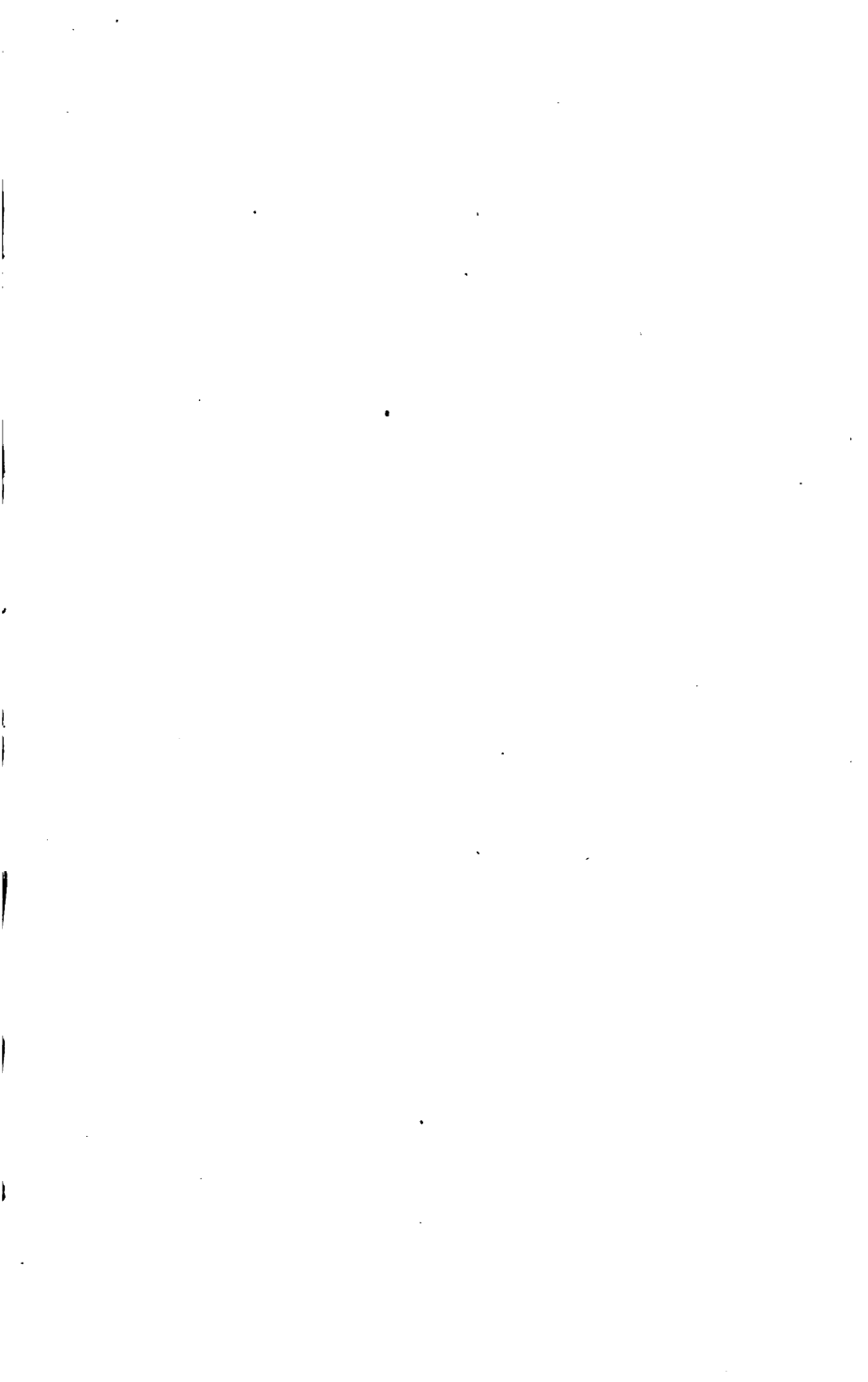
Exults in his way,

As much as to say,

I only wish you may get it !

But much as I *may* respect your agility,

I don't see at present the least probability !<sup>n</sup>





UNDER COVER.

The TIGER at first had a hobby-horse ride,  
But now he is decently quartered inside,  
And the question is next, long as Fortune may frown on him,  
How the two Bengalese are to keep the Tub down on him!



## UNDER COVER.

---

THE TIGER has leapt up heart and soul,  
It's clear that he means to go the whole  
Hog, in his hungry efforts to seize,  
The two defianceful Bengalese !

But the Tub ! the Tub !

Ay, there is the rub !

At present he's balanced a top of the Tub !

His fore legs inside,

And the rest of his hide,

Not weighing so much as his head and his legs,

And having no hand in

A pure understandin'

Of the just equilibrium of casks and of kegs,

Nor bred up in attics,

And taught mathematics,

To work out the problems of Euclid with pegs !

He has plunged with the impetus wild of a lover,

And the Tub has loomed large, balanced, paused, and turned  
over !

The TIGER at first had a hobby-horse ride,

But now he is decently quartered inside,

And the question is next, long as Fortune may frown on him,  
How the two Bengalese are to keep the Tub down on him !



'Bout this there's no blunder,  
 The Tub he is under.  
 I need not run my verse to the end of a sonnet,  
 To tell how the Bengalese both jumped upon it,  
 While the beautiful barrel keeps acting as bonnet  
     To the TIGER inside,  
     Who, no more in his pride,  
 Can roam o'er the jungle and plain,  
 But sheltered alike from the sun and the rain,  
     Around its interior his sides deign to rub  
     With a fearful hubbub,  
 And long for his freedom again !

The two Bengalese,  
 Not at all at their ease,  
 Hear him roar, and deplore  
 Their prospects as sore,  
 Forgetting both pic-nic and flask ;  
     Each wondering, dumb,  
     What of both will become,  
 Helps the other to press on the cask ;  
     Resigned to their fate,  
     But increasing their weight,  
 By action of muscle and sinew,  
 In order that forcibly you, Mr. Tub,  
 Whom their Niggers this morning rolled here with their grub,  
     May still keep the TIGER within you.

On the top of the Tub, in the warmest of shirts,  
 The thin man stands, while the fat by his skirts  
     Holds—anxiously puffing and blowing ;  
 And the thin peers over the top of the cask,  
 “Is there any hope for us ?” as much as to ask,  
     With a countenance cunning and knowing ;

And just as he mournfully 'gins to bewail,

In a grief-song that ought to be sung whole !

He twigs the long end of the TIGER's tail,

As it twists itself out of the bung-hole !

Then, sharp on the watch,

To give it a catch,

And shouts to the TIGER, " You've now got your match ;

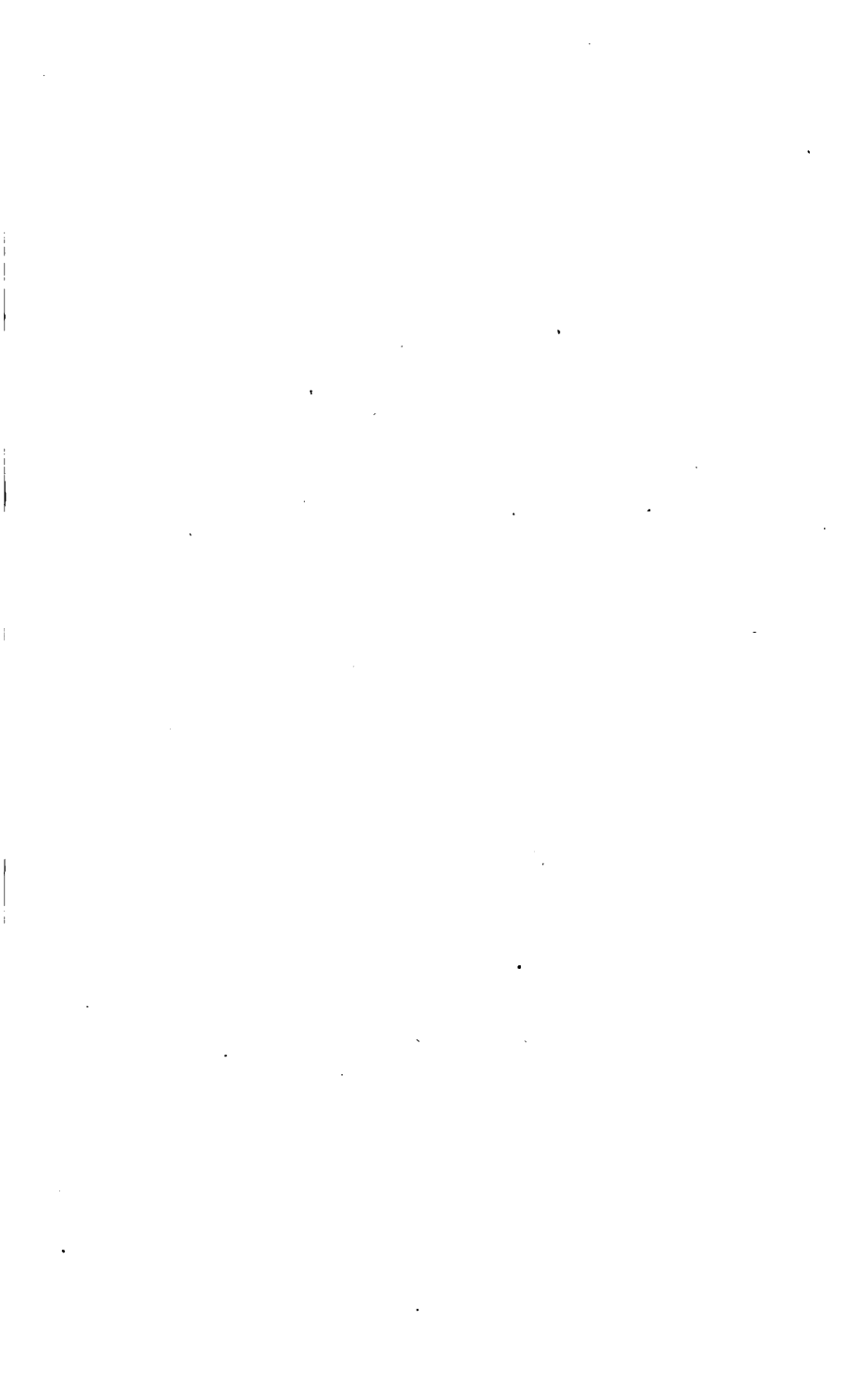
You may rush and may riot, may wriggle and roar,

But I'm blest if I let your tail go any more !

It's as safe as a young roasted pig in a larder,

And no two Bengalese could hold on to it harder !"







## INCREASING THE INTEREST OF THE TAIL.

---

WITH the TIGER's tail clenched fast in his fist,  
And his own coat tail grasped fast to assist,  
Stands TALL-AND-THIN, with SHORT-AND-STOUT,  
Each on the top of the Tub to scout,  
TIGER within and they without,

And all in a pretty pickle !

TIGER begins by giving a bound ;  
The Tub's half turned, but the men are found  
To have very carefully jumped to the ground,

At trifles they must not stickle.

It's no use quaking and turning pale,  
Pluck and patience must now prevail,  
They must keep a hold on the TIGER's tail,  
And neither one be fickle !

There they must pull, if they pull for weeks,  
Straining their stomachs, and bursting their cheeks,  
While TIGER alternately roars and squeaks,

Trying to break away from them ;  
They must keep the Tub turned over his back,  
And never let his long tail get slack,

For fear he should win the day from them.  
Yes ! yes ! they must hold him tight,  
From night till morning ! from morn till night !



INCREASING THE INTEREST OF THE TAIL

... ..

Set.

• • • M.T.,

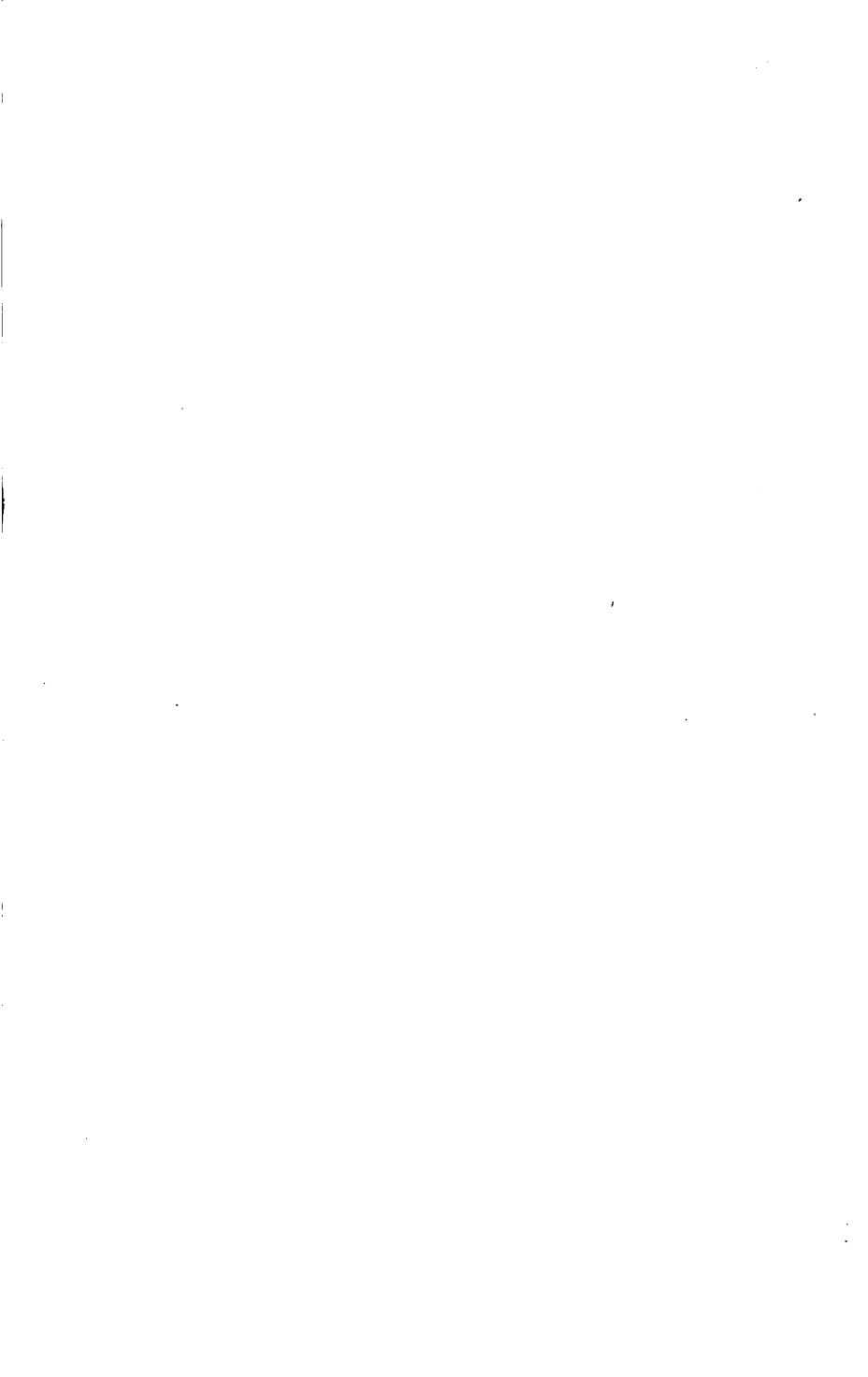
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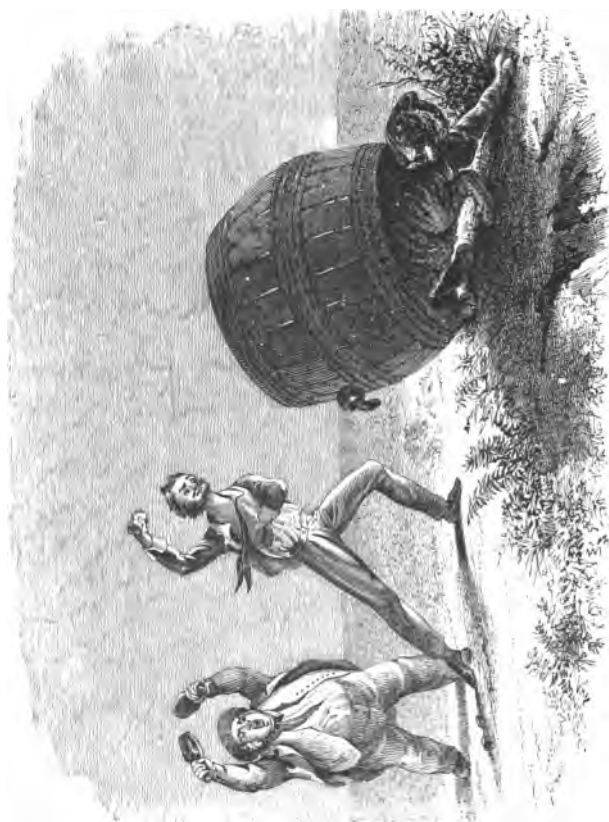


Mustn't stop to think !  
 Mustn't stop to drink !  
 Mustn't stop to weep !  
 Mustn't stop to sleep !  
 No cry ! no laugh ! no rest ! no grub !  
 Till they starve the TIGER under the Tub !  
     Till the animal dies,  
     To his own surprise,  
 With two Bengalese in a deadly quarrel,  
 And his tale thrust through the hole of a barrel !

Oh dear ! oh dear !  
 It's very clear  
 They can't live so—  
 But they daren't let go.  
 Fate for a pitying world to wail,  
 Starving behind a TIGER's tail !  
 If Invention be Necessity's Son,  
 Now let him tell them what's to be done ;  
 What's to be done ? ha ! I see a grin  
 'Of joy on the face of TALL-AND-THIN,  
     Some new device  
     He has hit in a trice,  
 The which he is telling all about  
 To the gratified gentleman, SHORT-AND-STOUT.

What's to be done ?  
 What precious fun !  
*Haven't* they found out what's to be done ?  
     See ! see !  
 What glorious glee !  
     Note ! mark !  
 What a capital lark !





THE CLIMAX.

TIGER and Tub, and bung-hole and all,

BY POINT

-----



1000

TIGER and Tub, and bung-hole and all,  
Baffled by what is about to befall ;  
Excellent ! marvellous ! beautiful ! O !  
*Isn't it now an original go ?*

What ? stop !

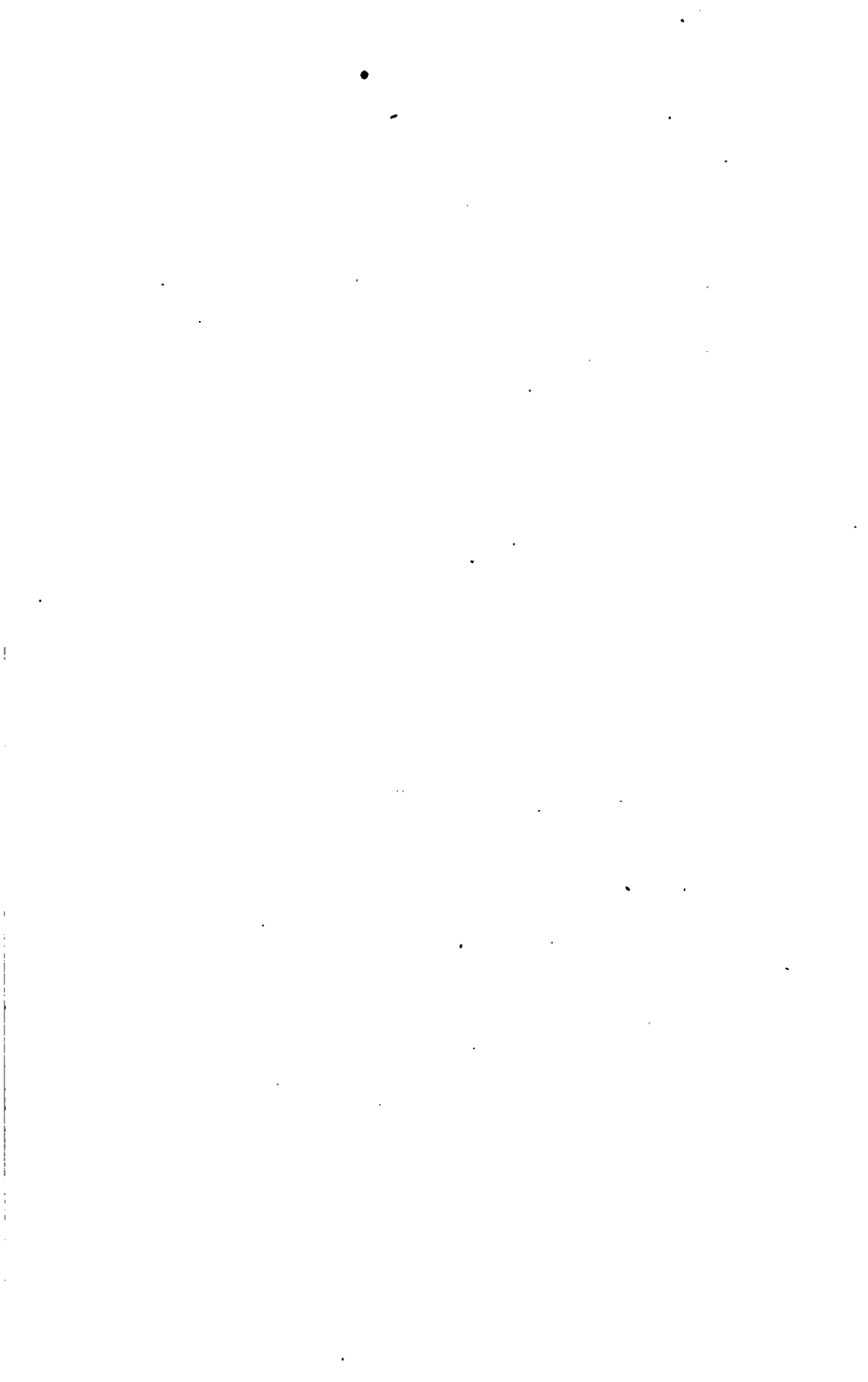
I'm ready to drop !

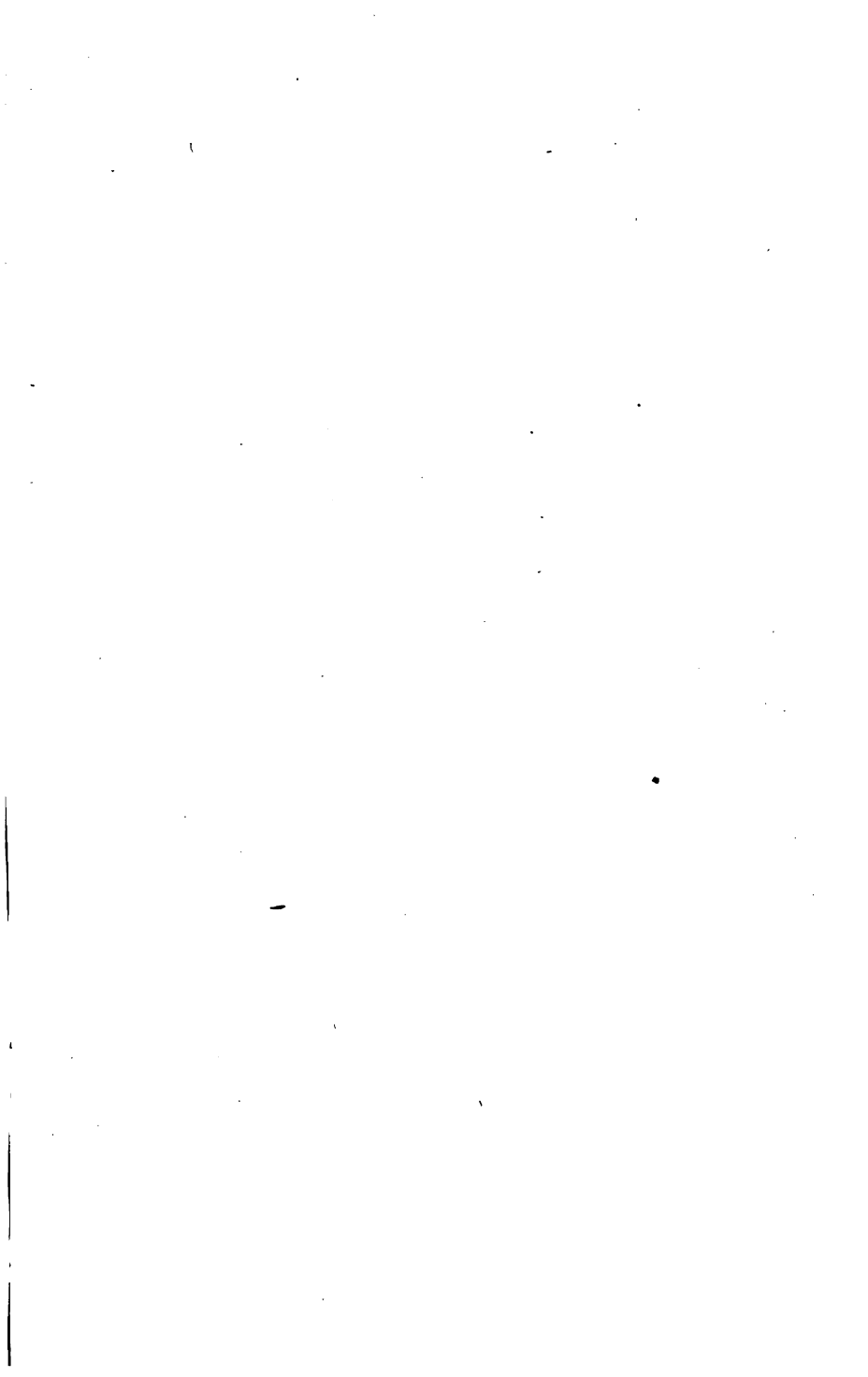
Hold ! stay !

I'm fainting away !

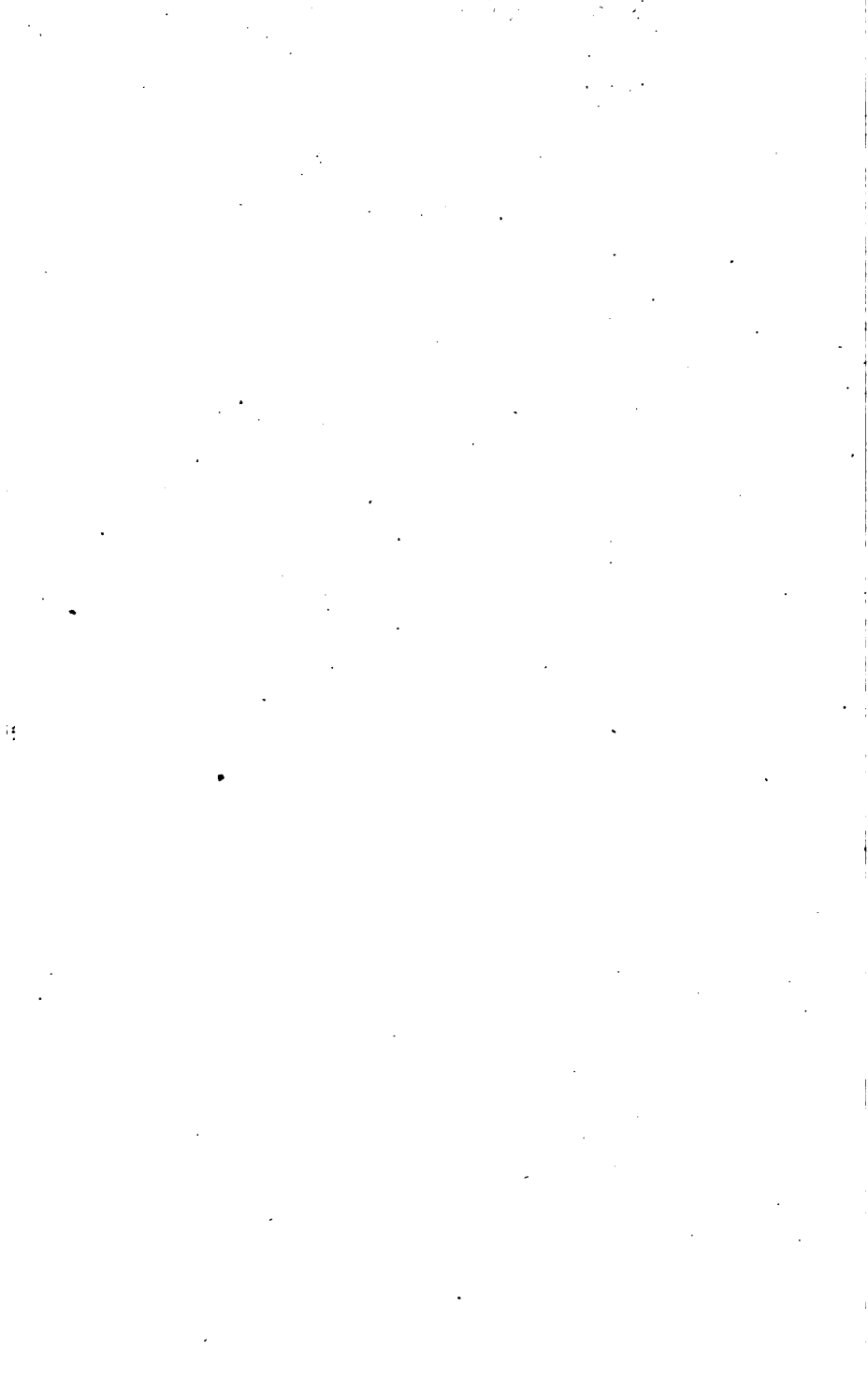
Laughter I'm certain will kill me to-day ;  
And SHORT-AND-STOUT is bursting his skin,  
And almost in a fit is TALL-AND-THIN,  
And TIGER is free, yet they do not quail,  
    Though temper has all gone wrong with him ;  
No ! they've TIED A KNOT IN THE TIGER'S TAIL,  
    AND HE CARRIES THE TUB ALONG WITH HIM ;  
He's a freehold for life with a tail out of joint,  
And has made his last

CLIMAX A TRUE KNOTTY POINT.













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